

THERE IS A PRESENT FOR YOU INSIDE!

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 53 • 14th February 1970

PRICE 1/3

**FREE
INSIDE!**

**CLARENCE the
CROCODILE**
Your Merry
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week!



The Water Babies

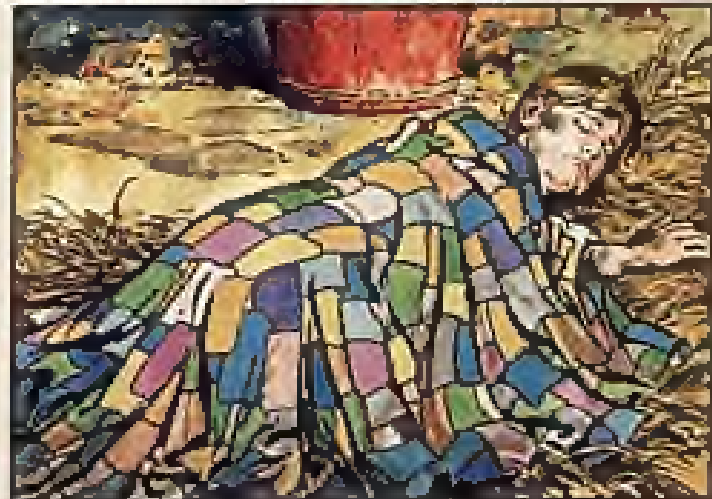


Tom, the brave little chimney-sweep, runs away when people chase him out of Harthorpe houses, where he accidentally slides down the wrong chimney into the bedroom of a gruffy girl named Ellie. Tired out and not feeling very well, Tom comes to an old lady's cottage by a stream.

1. The old lady toddled off and brought Tom a cup of cool milk and a bit of bread. "Bless your pretty heart, you're a real sick child," she said. Tom drank the milk straight off. "Eat the bread," said the old lady. "I can't," answered Tom. "Is it Sunday? I hear the church bells ringing so in my head." "No, it isn't Sunday," said the old lady kindly. "Come with me." Tom tried to get up, but was so tired and grumpy that she had to help him and lead him towards an outhouse.



2. There she laid Tom down on some soft sweet hay, put an old rug over him and said she would come to him in an hour's time. "I have a school for little children here," she explained, "but I have only one more lesson and when that is over, I will come and see if you are better." She tip-toed out, expecting Tom to fall into a deep, tired sleep.



3. But Tom was restless. He turned and tossed and felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the stream to cool himself. He did fall half asleep and dreamt that he heard the beautiful girl in the bedroom of the big house crying to him. "Oh, you're so dirty! Go and be washed and get clean!"



4. There were noises in his head and he heard church bells ringing so loudly that he was sure it must be Sunday, in spite of what the old lady had said. Tom thought that he would like to go to church, but first he must go to the river and wash the soot and dirt off himself. Poor Tom was in such a fever that he did not know what he was doing.



5. He went on to the bank of the stream, lay down on the grass and looked into the clear water. Every pebble on the bottom looked bright and clean and little fish darted about in fright at the sight of his black face. Tom dipped his hand in and found it oh, so cool. "I will be a fish. I will swim in the water. I must be clean!" he told himself. "If only I can get into the water I know that I would be happy."



6. Tom pulled off all his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. He put his poor sore feet into the water and then his legs. The farther he went in, the more the church bells rang in his head. "Ah," said Tom. "I must be quick and wash myself. The bells are ringing loud now and they will stop soon and then the church door will be shut and I won't get in."



7. During all this time Tom never noticed the pretty gypsy woman, who had spoken to him and Mr. Grimes on the way to clean the chimneys at Harthover House. But she had been watching him all the time and when Tom sank down in the cool water of the stream, she smiled to herself. "Those who wish to be clean WILL be clean," she murmured, quietly.



8. Slipping off her shawl, the gypsy woman stepped down into the cool clear water and glided gently down to the bottom. As she did so, she seemed to change in a magical sort of way. Her gypsy clothes changed to a pretty dress of long, flowing silk. Bright-coloured shells made lovely earrings, a necklace and bracelets.

9. The fish seemed to know her, for they were not startled as she floated through the water. "Queen of the water baby fairies, where have you been?" asked one fish. "I have been looking after little children and doing all I can to help those who cannot help themselves," she replied. "I have something to tell my water babies."



10. All the little water baby fairies of the stream came along to greet her, for she was the Queen of them all. "I have brought you a new little brother," she said. "But he must not see you or know you are here. He is a wild young thing and, until he knows our ways, you must not play with him or speak to him, or let him see you — but you must keep him from being named." The water baby fairies were sad but always did what they were told.



11. Tom, of course, never saw nor heard any of this. As he sank down through the water he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest coziest sleep that he had ever known in the whole of his life.

Now what happens next week when Tom wakes up and finds that he is a Water Baby.

All Sorts of Policemen



Two or three hundred years ago, there were many robbers and highwaymen on the roads. So many French people were attacked by them that the French king set up mounted pairs to guard the roads. They were called gendarmes. French policemen are still called gendarmes today. When a squad of gendarmes, on bicycles, ride through the streets, they look so much like a flock of birds with blue caps flapping that children call them "les gendarmes".



There have been policemen—men whose job it is to keep law and order and protect people and their property—since the earliest times. Today they have the difficult problem of stopping crime and preventing traffic jams as well. English policemen, nicknamed "Bobbies" after their founder, Sir Robert Peel, are famous for their kindness and courtesy.



In the hot deserts of Saudi Arabia there are mounted policemen as well, but they ride on camels and are called the camel corps. In desert areas, the camels are very useful to the policemen, for they can stand the heat and travel long distances with little food and water. With their fast rolling gait, they carry policemen swiftly long distances over the sand dunes. The policemen ride the one-humped camels, called dromedaries—not the two-humped camels, which usually roam wild.



In Italy, traffic policemen wear white gloves, which show up at night. Twelve days after Christmas, the motorists drive round the traffic policemen, where these policemen stand, and leave presents of sweets, fruit, cheese and wine for the policemen on duty there.



The special mounted policemen of Canada, called the Mounties, patrol vast unpopulated areas. They wear bright red jackets, which snow up well against the snow. They have to travel long distances on their horses and sometimes they have to stop shoes or dogsled.



The policemen of Jordan wear helmets designed to look like those worn by Saladin's warriors at the time of the Crusades, seven or eight hundred years ago. They carry wicker shields, to protect them from stones, poles or other missiles which may be hurled at them.

In the South Seas it is very hot and on the island of Fiji the policemen dress to suit the weather. They have smart blue jackets but they wear no trousers. Instead they have white skirts, which are lapped around the edge, and white gloves.



Even boys can become policemen in Britain. A boy policeman must be eight years old, but no older than twelve. There are special uniforms for the boy policemen, just like those which the ordinary policemen wear. The boys learn how to direct the traffic and their signals and directions are obeyed by most of the public.



BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit and the lettuce patch.

By Barbara Hayes.

NOW it happened one summer, in the land where Brer Rabbit lived, that suddenly the weather became very hot.

For a few days, the sun burned down and the gardens dried up and Brer Rabbit's lettuces looked mighty poorly—mighty poorly indeed.

"If I don't water those lettuces today, they will surely die," thought Brer Rabbit.

He took a bucket and stood by the barrel of rainwater at the side of his house and peered down into the water, thinking what mighty hard work it was going to be to haul the buckets of water out of the rain-barrel and fling them over his lettuces.

"My poor back will ache and my little paws will be sore by the time I have finished this job," thought Brer Rabbit, staring down into the water

harder than ever. "What a nuisance."

Now it happened that just at that moment Brer Fox happened to be loyng by.

He saw Brer Rabbit staring down into the rain-barrel as hard as hard, and he called out:

"What are you staring down into the rain-barrel for, Brer Rabbit?"

And, as quick as a flash, Brer Rabbit replied:

"Why, I'm looking for a fine diamond ring."

"How did a fine diamond ring get into your rain-barrel, Brer Rabbit?"

"Why, my wife let it slip off her finger as she was getting water for washing."

Brer Fox came across and he stared into the rain-barrel, too. Inside it was mighty black and dark.

"I can't see any diamond ring, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox.

"Neither can I, Brer Fox."

"How are you going to get the ring back then, Brer Rabbit?"

"I'm going to empty out all the water with this bucket, till I find the diamond

ring at the bottom of the barrel," said Brer Rabbit.

"Then why don't you get on with it, Brer Rabbit?"

"Well, you see, Brer Fox, my wife has promised to give a big reward to whoever finds the diamond ring for her and I was just standing here thinking of what present I would buy myself with the reward money."

"Will your wife give the reward to anyone who finds the ring?" asked Brer Fox breathlessly.

"She surely will, Brer Fox."

When he heard that, Brer Fox snatched up the bucket and, pushing Brer Rabbit aside, started to get buckets of water out of the barrel. Then he emptied the water on the lawn.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Brer Rabbit. "My wife gets mighty cross if the lawn gets wet and the baby rabbits run indoors with maddy feet. If you want to keep on the right side of her, go and throw the water away over those old lettuces. The baby rabbits never go walking there."

"That's a splendid idea," said Brer Fox, who did not want to stop. "It's a little farther to carry the buckets, but I'll manage it."

So Brer Fox hauled the buckets of water out of the rain-barrel—*puff! puff!*

Then he ran with them across the lawn—*thud, thud, thud!*

Then he threw the water away all over the lettuces—*SLOSH!*

On and on he went with bucket after bucket. The lettuces loved it and soon began to stand up and look green again.

Brer Rabbit loved it, as he lay in the shade taking things easy.

"Brer Rabbit, I'm nearly at the bottom of the barrel. I should be finding the ring soon," puffed Brer Fox.

"Thank you for telling me," grinned naughty Brer Rabbit.

And he ran indoors and locked all the downstairs doors and windows.

Then Brer Rabbit poked his head out of a top window and shouted:

"Oh, Brer Fox, I've just remembered, my wife didn't really drop a ring at all. It was just a funny old day dream I had."

Brer Fox was furious at the trick Brer Rabbit had played on him.

He didn't understand that all the time he had been watering the lettuces. But we know, didn't we?

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.



Coffee

Coffee is made from the berries which grow on an evergreen tree. When ripe, the berries look like red cherries, so they are called cherries. They are gathered by hand.



Each cherry contains one or two beans, in a jelly-like pulp. The beans are taken out, washed and spread out in the sun to dry. They are raked frequently to turn them over.



Coffee beans only get their fragrant smell when roasted. Then they have to be ground. Coffee is used as a flavouring for cakes, ice-creams and sweets, as well as for a drink.



FAMOUS NAMES

Interesting facts about people and places from all over the world.



1. **Red Indian.** This is a name given to a race of people, who were the first ones to live in North America. When Christopher Columbus landed in America he mistakenly thought it was India, so he called the people Red Indians, because of their colour.



2. **Captain Scott.** He was a British naval officer, famous as an Antarctic explorer. With some companions he reached the South Pole—but on the way back from there in 1912, he and his brave friends died in the bitter cold and blizzards of snow.



3. **Mozart.** Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, to give him his full name, was born in Austria in 1756. He became a famous composer of music and died in 1791. As a young boy he was a wonderful pianist and the picture shows him playing the piano in Vienna.



4. **Excalibur.** Excalibur was the sword of King Arthur. When he was dying he asked Bedivere, one of his knights, to throw it into a lake and return it to where it belonged. At the third try Bedivere did this and an arm reached out and caught it.



MONGOLIA

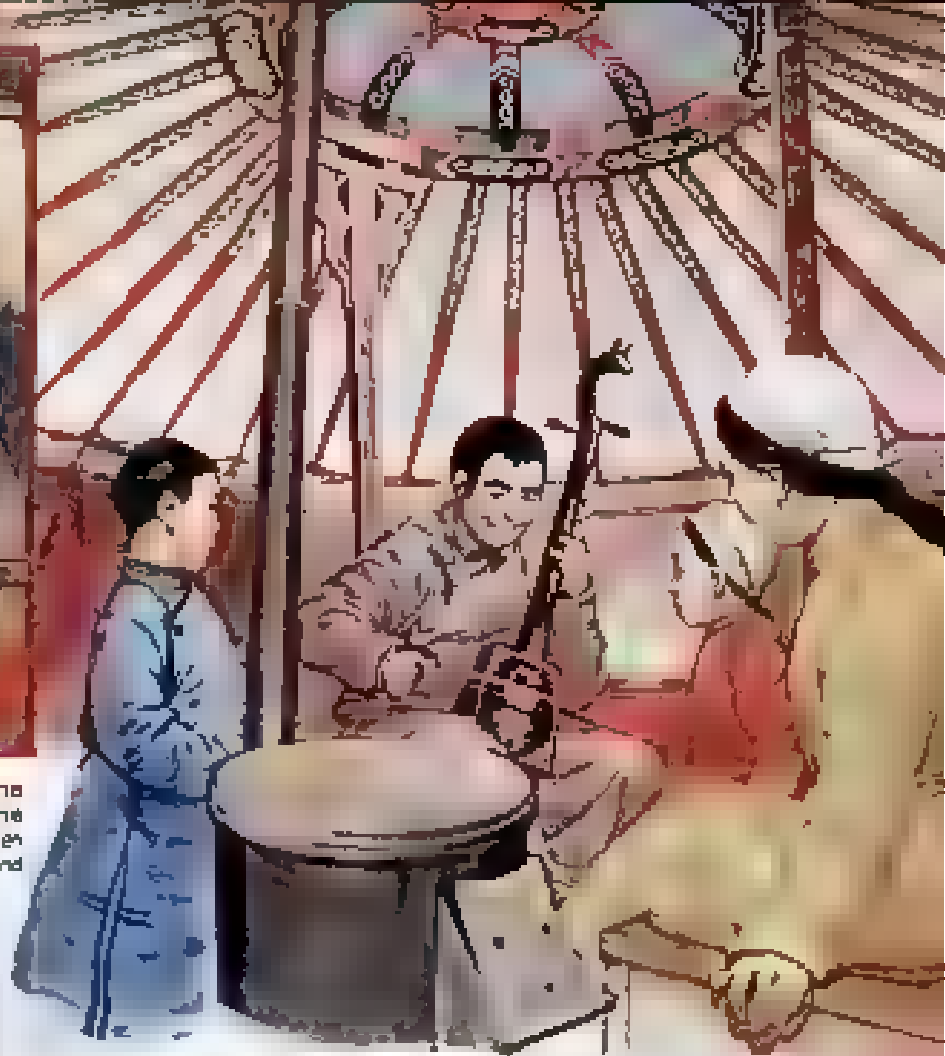
Right in the centre of Asia, between Siberia in Russia and Northern China, lies Mongolia. In the South of the country lies the great Gobi desert, where there is almost no water and nothing grows. The Mongols are a tough, hardy people, for it is hot in Summer, but very cold in Winter. Most Mongols are herdsmen, so they wander from place to place, seeking pasture for their animals. The children are taught to ride almost as soon as they can walk, and quickly become superb horsemen.

Mongolia is easier to reach now, for planes can cover the great distances, but life goes on much as before. The children on the right are making a strong drink from mare's milk. They eat mutton and cheese.





These children are looking at the Standard of Genghis Khan in the State museum of the capital. Genghis Khan was a great Mongol warrior who lived about seven hundred years ago. He and his sons conquered all Asia and most of Russia and built up a great empire.



The Mongols live in big tents, called yurts, made of camel-hair cloth stretched over a wooden frame. They can be taken down and packed easily when the family wants to move. In the town, yurts have electricity and running water and are often factory-built. This man is playing a musical instrument which has horsehair strings.



There are some modern industries, like this flour mill, but most Mongols still keep goats and sheep, camels, yaks and oxen to make clothes and for food and drink.



The only big town, Ulan Bator, has factories, flats and cars like any town. Mongols still use camels for carrying goods, but more lorries are to be seen.

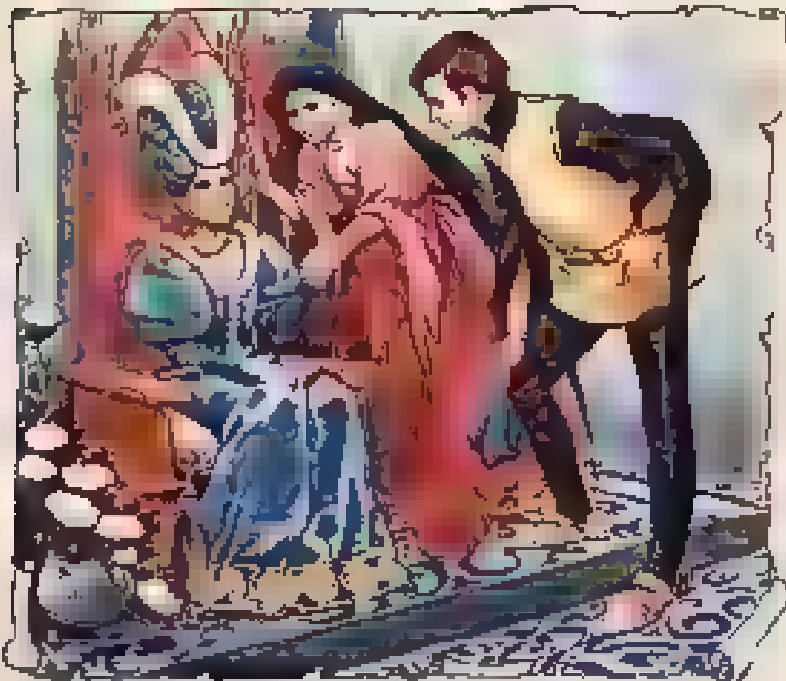
The Princess Who Could See Everything



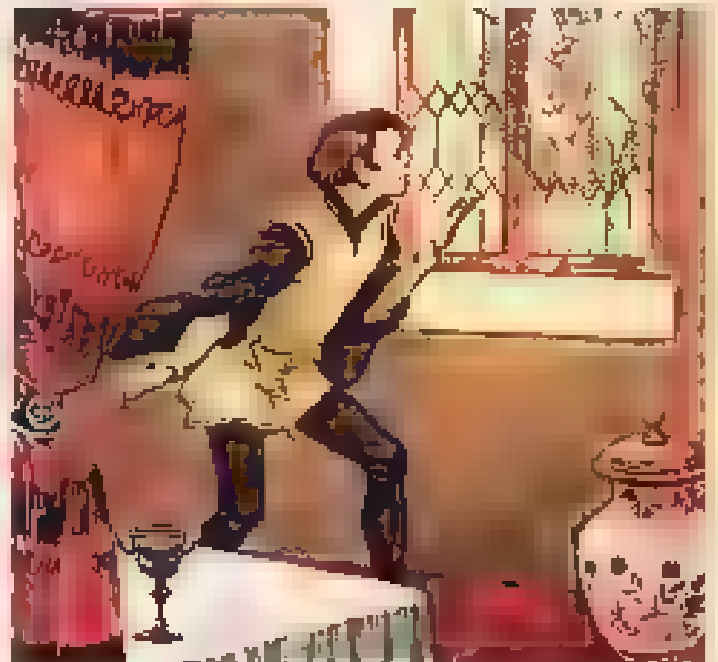
1 In a far-off land there once lived a lovely Princess, who had a magic window in her room, through which she was able to see everything. Her parents wanted her to marry, and to please them the Princess promised to choose a husband who could hide from her, and not be seen for a day.



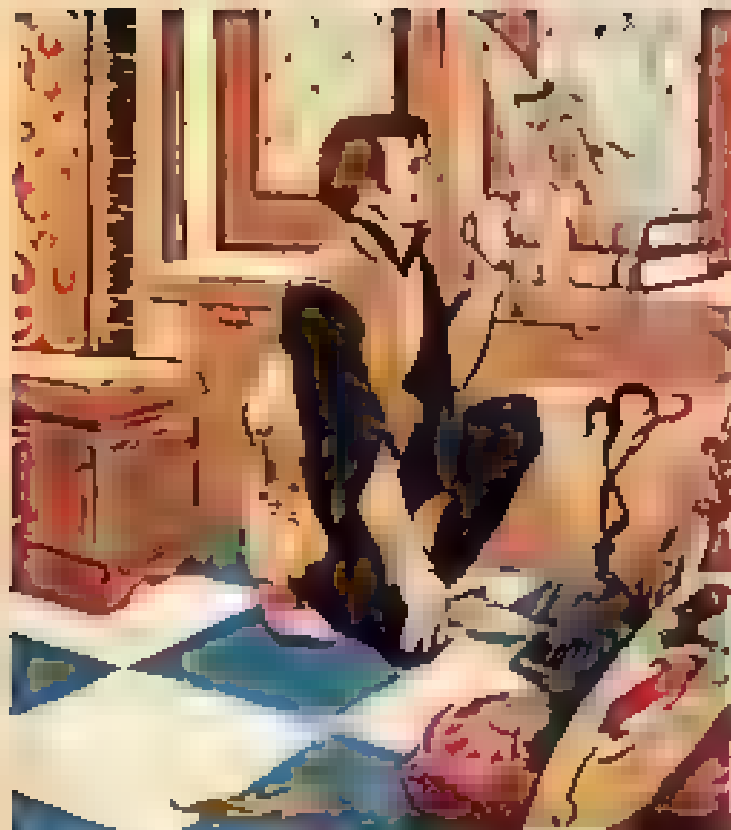
2 Many young men came to the Palace. One after another they tried to hide, but because of her magic window the Princess would see where they were every time. It became a game, and one day the Princess looked through her window and saw a Prince from a distant Kingdom on his way. "Will you find him just like the others," she smiled.



3 The Prince came into the Palace and bowed to the Princess. "Have come a long journey to make you my bride," he said. "Is it true that I must hide myself so cleverly that you will not be able to find me?" "That is true," said the Princess. "My lady-in-waiting will show you to your room, where you can decide where to hide."



4 Alone in his room in the castle, the Prince sat for a long time wondering where he could hide from the Princess so that she would not find him. As he stared at the window, he noticed a small fairy struggling in the sticky strands of a spider's web. "Help me, please help me," she called out.



3. Gently the Prince got the fairy free and put her down on the windowsill. "You're free at last," he said, "but there is still a puzzle. When you married of the Prince's castle, the giant's fairy must have put you in a magic spell, and now you will be hidden in a place so secret that the Princess will not be able to see you. However you like," she said.



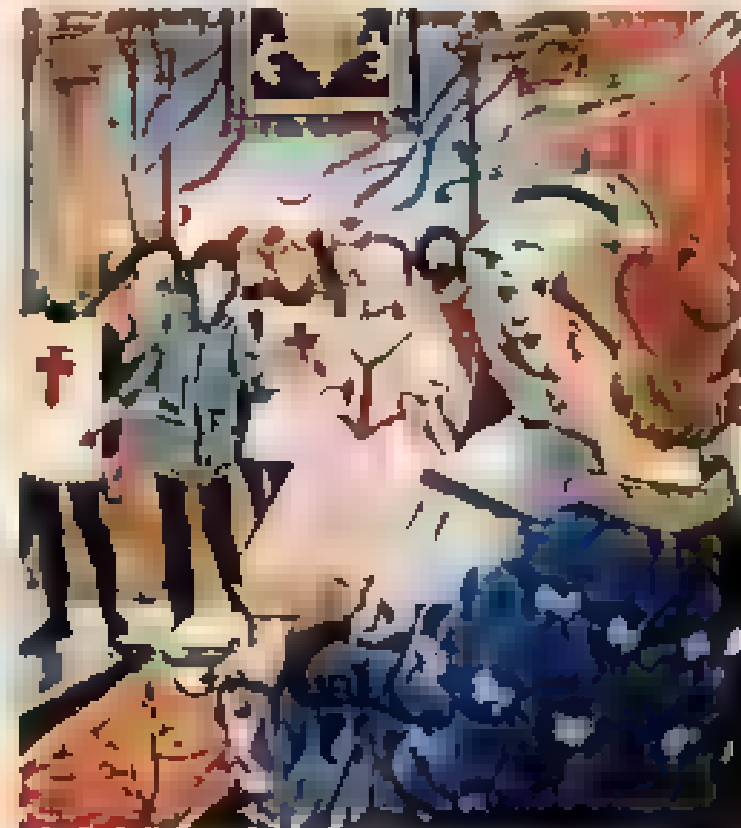
4. Next day the Princess thought it would be such a simple matter to find the hidden Prince—but she began to grow more and more puzzled when the magic spells did not tell her where he was. She tried and tried, but the other night came she had to come to the King and Queen that she had failed. Her plans were designed for now she had a marry the clever Prince.



5. Can you see what the fairy had done? She had changed the Prince into one of the peacocks in the room of the Princess and she was unable to get back.



6. After that night when the Prince was back to his usual self and in the morning he thanked the little girl for helping him so greatly.



7. So the Prince and Princess were married and had a splendid wedding in the Royal Palace. They lived happily ever after and had no more children. The Prince never told her where he had been hidden from her. But she knew where he was hiding, don't you?



Beautiful Paintings

Many readers of "Once Upon A Time" have been cutting out the beautiful pictures printed each week, to hang on the wall or put in a scrapbook. They are delightful things to keep as a collection and new readers might like to start their own by cutting out the picture above. It is by a very famous Spanish artist named Velázquez, who was the court painter to King Philip the Fourth of Spain. Velázquez was born in 1599 and

died in 1660. The title of the painting is "Ladies in Writing" and it shows a delightful little girl, called the Infanta Margarita, being dressed by her attendants at the court. Margarita was a daughter princess of King Philip. This lovely painting shows what life was like in the Spanish court about 300 years ago and gives us an idea about their dress, hair-styles—and even the kind of dogs they kept as pets.

French Knight at Agincourt



1 = 32

2 = 31

This is what one of the French knights looked like at the famous Battle of Agincourt, fought on October 25th, 1415, in Northern France. The English won the battle over the French by using archers and cross-bowmen against the heavily-armoured French knights, who found that they could not move quickly in the mud of newly-ploughed fields.

3 = 30

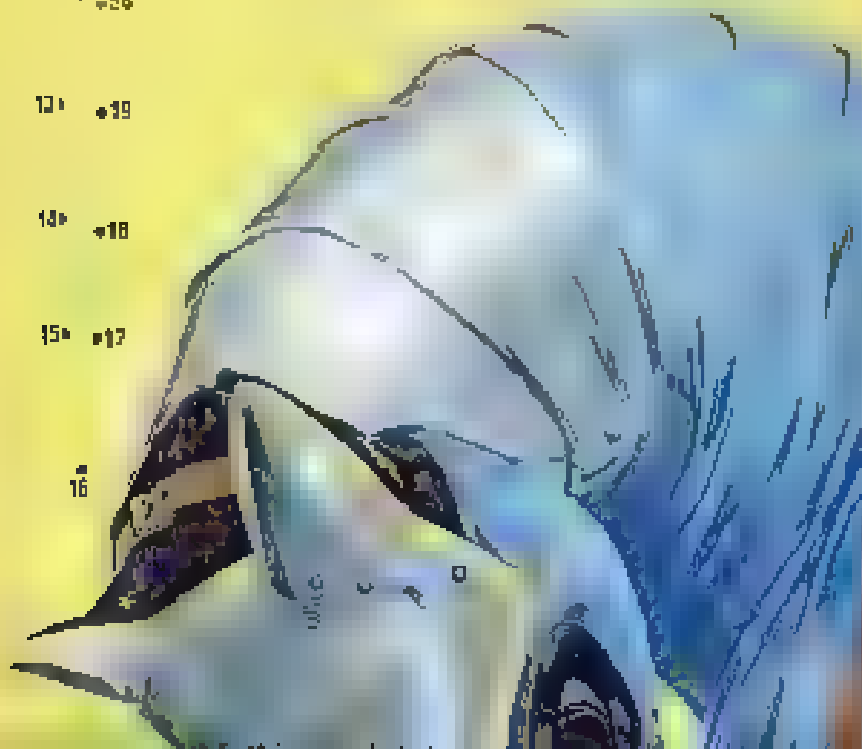
4 = 29
5 = 27
6 = 26
7 = 28

8 = 25

9 = 24
10 = 23
11 = 22

12 = 21
13 = 20
14 = 19
15 = 18
16 = 17
17 = 16
18 = 15
19 = 14
20 = 13
21 = 12
22 = 11
23 = 10
24 = 9
25 = 8
26 = 7
27 = 6
28 = 5
29 = 4
30 = 3
31 = 2
32 = 1

Complete the two puzzle pictures by joining the dots from 1 to 32, and from 1 to 30, taking care not to get them mixed up. You will draw a knight's sword and helmet.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

Stephanie gives a party. By Barbara Mays.

STEPHANIE, the town mouse, was feeling as pleased as pleased could be. She had a signed photograph of the King of Mouseland.

You see, Stephanie and her boyfriend Nigel had been out on the night of the King of Mouseland when his car had broken down and he had given them a photograph of himself in thanks.

Stephanie put the photograph on the table in her lounge and admired it.

"I must be the only girl in the whole town with a photograph like this," she

thought. She decided that afternoon to let

the photograph lying there on the table and when everyone says "Goodness, Stephanie—that's a photograph of the King!" I will just smile and say, "Yes, he's quite an old chum of mine, didn't you know? And then everyone will go green with

green.

So Stephanie sent out invitations for

thinking how she would show off in front of her friends about having the signed photograph of the King.

Well, the day of the party arrived

had egg sandwiches and ham sandwiches and chocolate cake and Swiss roll and white iced cake, and doughnuts and ices

It really was a lovely tea.

But loveliest of all and right at the front of the table, where everyone would see it, just as they came in, was the signed photograph of the King of Mouseland.

Stephanie's boyfriend, Nigel, who

Stephanie stayed at, he ducked to welcome in the friends and neighbours she had invited to the party.

As her guests went ahead of her into the lounge, Stephanie smiled smugly to herself, expecting to hear them gasp at the sight of the photograph.

But strangely enough, she didn't hear

any gasps—not even a little one.

"Perhaps they are so amazed their breath has been taken away," she thought. "In a moment they will ask me how I got the photograph."

But she didn't hear any questions.

At last she heard was the munch, munch of her friends eating up the sandwiches—and the slurp, slurp—gulp—of them drinking tea.

Stephanie couldn't wait any longer.

"How delicious the photograph is!" she asked.

"The best chocolate cake I have tasted," answered Mrs. Topdrawer. Stephanie's

Chocolate cake! Chocolate cake! I don't mean the chocolate cake, you halfwit—I mean, dear Mrs. Topdrawer, shouted Stephanie, who was beginning to

gulp—the tea!" smiled Mr. Topdrawer, as he sipped his cup of tea. "Yes, it is very nice and fresh."

"No—I don't mean the tea, you numskull," answered Stephanie, who was

I mean the photograph of course!

All Stephanie's guests stared at her in

"Photograph? What photograph?" they asked.

Then Mrs. Topdrawer, who always liked to make unkind remarks if she could, said, "Why are you serving photographs for us to eat today, Stephanie dear? How funny."

Stephanie pushed her way to the table

a sign of the photograph of the King anywhere.

She was furious.

Just then, Nigel, her boyfriend, came pattering back into the room.

You will be pleased with me, Steve, he puffed. "You know that photograph of

the King that you think so much of? Well, you had left it right at the front of your table where it could easily have been knocked over, so I have taken it back to my flat, where it will be safe till your party is over."

For a moment Stephanie was breathless with rage.

Then—"You blackhead!" she screamed. "Don't you realise, you stupid thing, that the whole idea of giving the party was so that everyone could see the photograph?"

Poor Nigel!

First, he went quite white, and then

Oh, dear!" he gasped. "I do seem to have done the wrong thing."

He raced to his flat and fetched the photograph back before you could say knife.

And then everyone did admire it and feel envious of Stephanie, so she was

But if Nigel hadn't managed to get the photo back before the party finished, I shouldn't like to have been in his shoes, would you?

There will be another Mouse story next week.

YOUR EDITOR'S LETTER

London & Co.

21, Aldwych, London, W.C.1

Dear Boys and Girls,

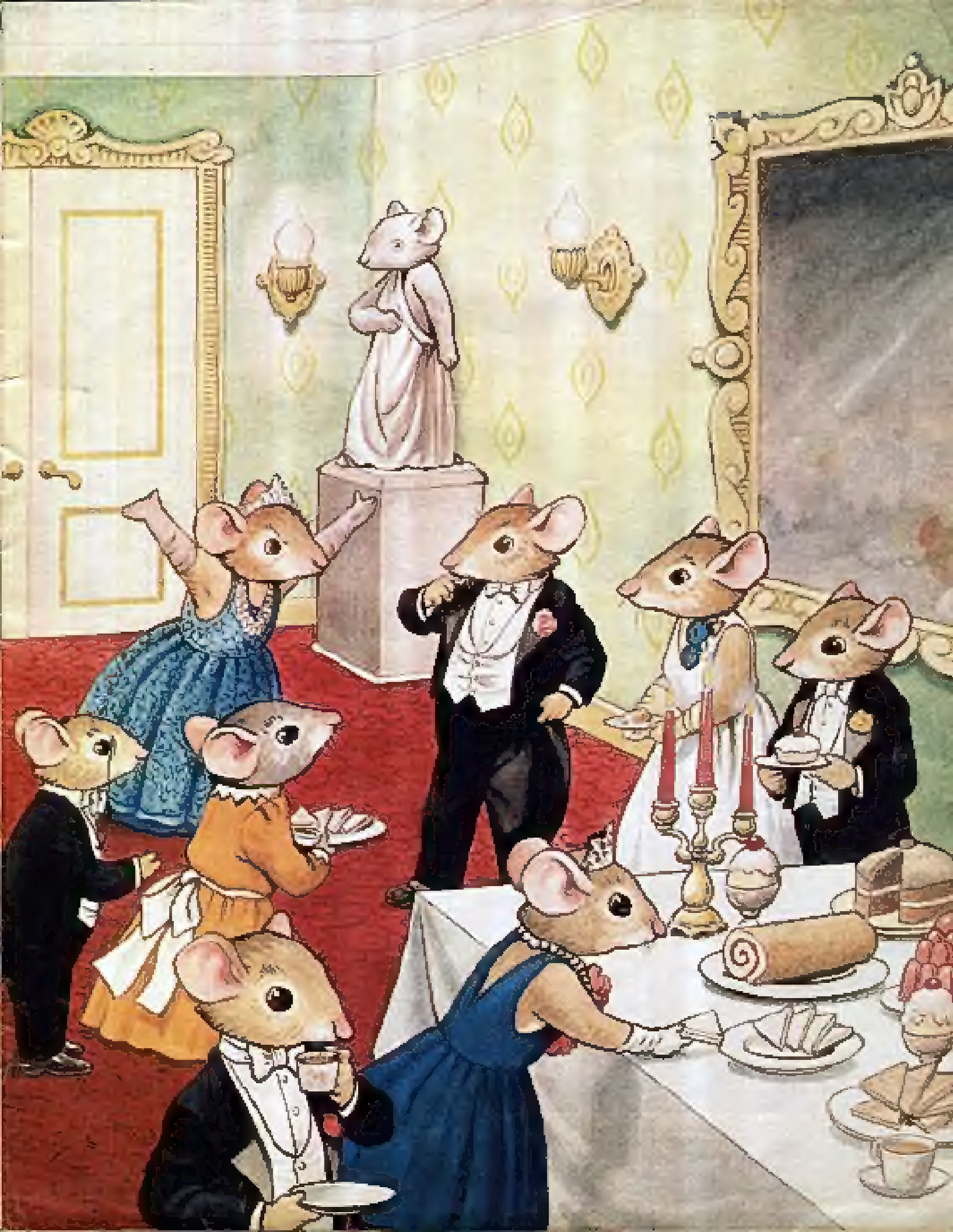
Thank you very much for all the letters

you enjoying the story of the Water Babies on pages 2 and 3? It has been

many years, by the way, since any of you went back numbers of "Once Upon A

cost 1/3d each, including postage, from the address above.

Yours truly, The Editor





Sinbad the Sailor



1. Sinbad was trapped in a valley with sides so steep that he could not climb out. At night, when the valley was filled with huge serpents, Sinbad was forced to hide in a cave. He rolled a big rock against the cave-mouth to keep out the serpents.

2. All through the night the serpents hissed outside the cave. They knew Sinbad was inside but they could not get past the rock and reach him. As soon as it was daylight they went away to hide in their own caves and it was safe for Sinbad to come creeping out.



3. "Somehow I must escape from this awful place," said Sinbad to himself, as he walked across the diamond-covered ground. "Even these precious stones don't tempt me to stay." At that moment something fell out of the sky. It was a large piece of raw meat.

4. Then powerful eagles appeared and swooped down to pick up the meat. "Ah, I have heard of this place," thought Sinbad. "From the mountain-top merchants throw down meat upon the diamonds. The diamonds stick to the meat and are carried up by the eagles."



5. Sinbad knew that the eagles in this part of the world were stronger than anywhere else and he thought of a way in which he might be able to escape. First, he filled his pockets with the largest and most valuable diamonds he could find on the ground.



6. Then he unrolled his turban cloth and tied one end of it to a very large piece of meat. Then he tied the other end of the turban cloth around his waist. "There is nothing more I can do now but lay on the ground and hope my plan will work," he said.



7. Soon one of the biggest of the giant soaring eagles sighted the meat and swooped down upon the joint to which Sinbad the Sailor had tied his turban cloth. The huge bird seized the meat in its talons and prepared to fly off with it to its nest.

What will happen to Sinbad the Sailor now? More of this exciting story next week.



8. As the great eagle flew upwards, the cloth tightened around Sinbad's waist and he, too, rose up into the air. Dangling at the end of the rope of cloth he was carried out of the valley of glittering diamonds and up towards the top of the mountains.



The WISE OLD OWL

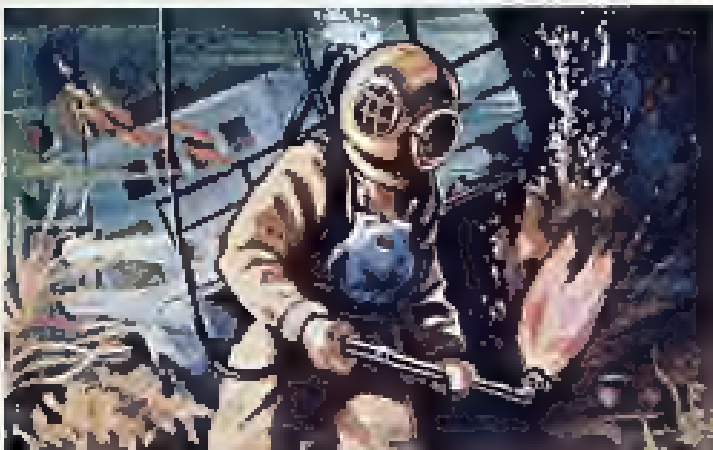
Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl is here to answer interesting questions which may puzzle you.

1. Where is the longest suspension bridge in the world?

"It is at the mouth of New York harbour and crosses the Hudson River. It has a centre span of 4,280 feet, and its two tall towers are 690 feet high. The bridge, which took five years to build, was opened in November, 1964. The largest liners in the world can easily pass underneath it."



2. Can a flame burn under water?

"Yes, special flames can. These come from a torch which mixes and burns oxygen and acetylene gases. Divers use these torches when they need to cut their way through the steel plates of a sunken ship. The pressure of the flame forces the water aside."



3. Why does wood crackle when it burns?

"Wood is full of tiny cells, or holes, which have air inside. If you put a piece of wood on a fire it gets heated. This makes the air inside the tiny cells expand and cause tiny explosions, which are the crackling or popping sounds that you can hear."



4. How long can a camel go without a drink of water?

"That answer is . . . for at least three days, and perhaps even more. The stomach of a camel has pouches and in these the animal can store enough water to last it for three days. But, of course, a camel could live far much longer before dying of thirst."



5. Why do geese fly in an arrow-head formation?

"When a bird flaps it beats its wings and disturbs the air behind it, making what are called eddies. Another bird, flying directly behind, is blown from side to side by these eddies, so large flocks of geese spread themselves out to keep clear of them."